

# THE BICYCLE.

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Make checks, drafts and money orders payable to J. H. Eager, to whom subscriptions, applications for advertising space and all communications relating to THE BICYCLE'S business department should be sent. All matter intended for publication in this paper should be addressed personally to the Editor. We cannot undertake to return rejected M. S., and will not publish items for news sent us unless accompanied by the name of sender as a guarantee of good faith.

Edited by - - - W. C. NICHOL.  
Business Manager, - - - J. H. EAGER.

## To Correspondents.

ANON, Ottawa.—“We are seven,” M. S. lost by printer. Can you manage to re-write for us? Too good to lose.

H. L.—1. Yes. 2. *Bicycling World and Wheel.* 3. It would take up too much time for one thing, and we have not the necessary space. 4. Not of enough general interest to make it worth our while.

S. S. C.—What difference does it make? It's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Turn it up the other way and you'll probably see where you made the mistake.

R. N. P.—Have answered you by mail. Make a note of objections raised next time you write.

## A Foxy Affair.

Recently in New York City a Bicycling Tournament was held in which prizes offered by Mr. Richard K. Fox, a well known New York sport and journalist, were competed for.

There is no secret about the manner in which Mr. Fox has made his money. He is the editor and proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, a “weekly sporting and sensational journal,” which he took hold of years ago when it was a worthless sheet, and turned in to one of the best paying newspaper properties in the world. There was a certain amount of ability required to do this. Mr. Fox is a quick-witted Irishman, who recognizing the depraved taste of modern humanity, pandered to it. He filled his paper week after week, with accounts of rapes, incests, abortions and murders; whatever criminal news came to ears, he welcomed greedily, and between this sandwiched smutty anecdotes and paragraphs with double entendres. In a word, he made his paper a cesspool for all that was low, bestial and lascivious. The pictorial department of the sheet quite equalled the letter press. He illustrated his smutty anecdotes and rapes in the highest style of the xylographic art. He plastered his paper plentifully with pictures of semi-nude, women in every conceivable pos-

ture and of every degree of beauty. He held up kinds of vice as enjoyable, instead of disgusting. He illustrated the beastly orgies of prostitutes and their wretched companions in bagnios, as the essence of earthly bliss, and turned the indecent rivals of New York's French Balls into an Arabian night's dream.

The stage too, has suffered from the echerous hands of the proprietor of this hebdomadal publication. Wood cuts of events behind the scenes that never existed except in the salacious imagination of the wretch that inspired them, have time and again appeared, and the written rot that accompanied them, was in keeping with the pictorial putridity it explained.

It has always been a source of wonder to us that men can be found who have any social relations whatever,—children perhaps, willing to earn a living by drawing such pictures as this paper publishes. But there are such pictorial procurers, and week after week they prostitute the talent God has given them for the sake of the few dollars paid them by this man. Six or seven years ago, the plague of illustrated indecency reached such a pitch that the legislature interfered, but step by step the *Gazette* has been regaining lost ground, and to-day it boasts of a larger juvenile constituency than ever. Grown men and women pass by this shameless sheet. It is youth that buys it, and is secretly corrupted by it.

The paper has an enormous circulation. It reaches every hole and corner in the States, and its proprietor rakes in a small fortune every “settling-up” day with the News Company from his weekly sale.

And it is this man, the editor and proprietor of this vile sheet, who is patronizing wheelmen and “encouraging” their sport! Encouraging! Bah! It is simply nothing more nor less than a scheme to advertise his hebdomadal cesspool and bring it favorably to the notice of people, who should hesitate to soil their hands with him in kicking his dirty carcass out of doors. But let us take it as “encouragement.” Let us say that this man has the bicycling interests truly at heart. Is he the kind of a man wheelmen should let encourage them? This man who has made his money by corrupting and poisoning the pureness and innocence of youth; this man who makes a living by acting as a panderer to all the baser passions and depraved tastes of mankind. Is this the man whose encouragement we appreciate and feel thankful for?

No!

Whatever else may be said of wheelmen, let it be said at least that they are gentlemen and have gentlemanly associates and gentlemen to superintend

their races. We are surprised and pained that wheelmen should have permitted themselves to be drawn into Mr. Fox's advertising schemes. But it is too late now for anything but regrets. It is done and cannot be undone, and it is useless to bring the matter up except to point a moral with. But should Mr. Fox again desire to “encourage” bicycling, let wheelmen tell him honestly and squarely, that they want neither him nor his encouragement; that such men as he, and such papers as his, are disgraces to our civilization.

## Mr. Green of Shelby.

For many years past we have been laboring under the idea that there was not a perfect idiot in the universe. But it seems we were mistaken. A Mr. Green of Shelby, Ohio, has introduced the following “amendment” to Section 6980 of the Revised Statutes, and after a perusal of it, we fancy wheelmen generally will agree with us in thinking that Mr. Green about fills the idiot bill.

“And any person using or riding a bicycle, tricycle, or velocipede, upon or along any public road or street, shall, on seeing any person driving or riding any horse or horses thereon, from any direction, toward him, dismount at least twenty-five feet away from such horse or horses, and pass the same on foot, or permit the person managing the same to ride or drive past him while so dismounted; and any person using a bicycle, tricycle or velocipede, and failing to comply with the provisions of this section in regard to the same, shall be liable for all damages sustained in person or property, in any manner, by reason of such person failing so to do; and shall also, on conviction of failing to comply with the provisions hereof regarding bicycles, tricycles and velocipedes, be fined not less than one, nor more than five dollars; but no person using an engine bicycle, tricycle or velocipede, shall be required to wait or suspend his business to permit persons to pass, as herein provided, beyond a reasonable time.”

We do not suppose for one moment that the “amendment” will be admitted. Ohio statesmen we take it, are too sensible a people to have anything to do with such a piece of rampant idiocy, but we understand that the League is taking steps to strongly oppose the bill if necessary. The amendment proposed is utter rot, and Ohio wheelmen should present Mr. Green with a leather medal, for being the champion jackass of the Buckeye State; and not only of the Buckeye State, but as far as we know, of the whole American continent.

Somebody in France has made a steam tricycle, for which he claims a wonderful speed

Bicyclers in England have been utilizing their bells for the performance of popular musical airs, by putting two or more of different notes on each machine. In this way, they successfully interpret while riding “Home Sweet Home,” “Blue Bells of Scotland,” “Rule Britannia,” “Auld Lang Syne” and other tunes. This is a good idea. Why not in Canada too?